DEDICATED TO THE NEW BREED OF COMIC FANS!

7d

SMASH!

No.42
19th NOV.1966
EVERY MONDAY

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BOB KANE

HAVE YOU MET NAPOLEON YET-? WELL, YOU WILL OVER THE PAGE. AT THE MOMENT HE'S GOT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IN A PANIC WITH A PARCEL HE'S SENT TO THE COMMISSIONER. A PARCEL THAT TICKS!

IF SOAKING THE BOMB IN OIL DOESN'T *WORK*, THOSE MEN IN THE VAN WILL BE *KILLED!*

A GOOD POLICE OFFICER NEVER COUNTS THE RISK, CHUM!

OF COURSE, BATMAN. I SHOULD HAVE *REALIZED* THAT!

THEY'RE COMING OUT! THEY'VE *DISARMED* THE BOMB!

HERE'S YOUR *BOMB*, COMMISSIONER! A PIECE OF *PAPER!*

IT SAYS *"BANG"* ON IT!

BANG

WHO WOULD PERPETRATE SUCH A SORDID PRANK?

NOT A PRANK, COMMISSIONER --A *DIVERSION!*

WHILE A *REAL* CRIME IS COMMITTED SOMEPLACE *ELSE!*

WHAT CRIME? *WHERE??*

TODAY IS THE ANNUAL PEARL-COUNTING AT THE *GOTHAM CITY PEARL EXCHANGE!*

BUT THE G.C.P.E. IS ABSOLUTELY *INVULNERABLE*, BATMAN.

JUST THE SAME, ROBIN AND I HAD BEST HAVE A LOOK!

I HAVE A HUNCH THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF A CERTAIN *MILITARY* MISCREANT---

HOLY ELBA! YOU MEAN---*LITTLE NAPOLEON???*

VAROOM!

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE!

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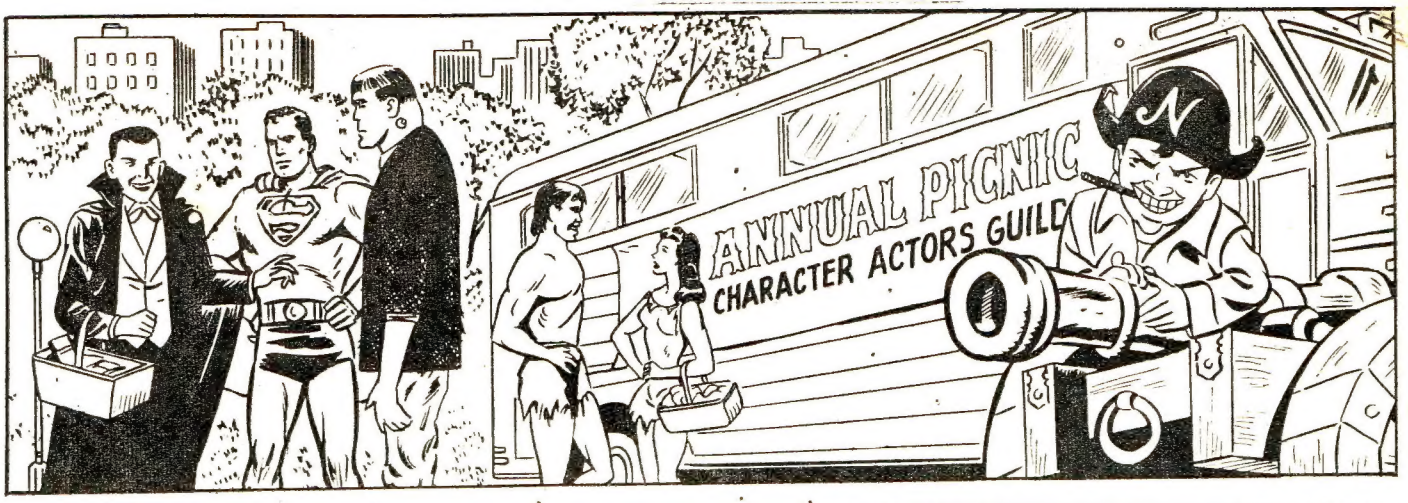
SURE ENOUGH! FOR IN A CITY PARK DIRECTLY *OPPOSITE* THE GOTHAM CITY DIAMOND EXCHANGE!



BUT HOW CAN *LITTLE NAPOLEON* BREAK INTO THE *GOTHAM CITY DIAMOND EXCHANGE?* IT'S LIKE A *FORTRESS!*

HE'S A CLEVER RASCAL, ROBIN!

HE BROKE *OUT* OF GOTHAM STATE PRISON--- AND THAT'S *ESCAPE PROOF!*

MEANWHILE---

NOW TO SEE IF THIS PRIMITIVE PETRONEL PACKS A PUNCH!

BOOM

THE SOLID SHOT STRIKES WITH SHATTERING FORCE!

DIAMOND EXCHANGE

MONDS

KRASH!

WHY ARE WE *STOPPING?*

TO HELP THAT OLD LADY ACROSS THE STREET, CHUM! THE *GENTLEMANLY* THING!

SCREECH!

HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M REALLY 22-YEAR-OLD JOSEPHINE, PLANTED HERE AS A *DELAYING TACTIC!*

EN AVANT, MES SOLDATS!*

*FRENCH FOR "UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS!"

UNTOLD MILLIONS IN GEMS AWAIT US WITHIN! *CHARGE!*

SLEEPING GAS

WHATEVER ELSE YOU MISS, DON'T MISS BATMAN IN NEXT WEEK'S *SMASH!* IT'S A REAL GASSER!

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Percy's Pets

ATTABOY, ROVER! WELL DONE, LAD!

BAH! 'S'NOT FAIR! WHY DON'T THEY BUY A REAL HOOP?

ERK!

DO YOU HEAR-? BUY A REAL HOOP!!

I CAN'T! I'VE GOT — GASP! — NO MONEY!!

BUT....

LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL GET YOU SOME MONEY, PERCY!

DAD

MUNCH! MUNCH!

WHY IS OLD MARTHA MUNCHING DAD'S POCKET—?

CHINK!

HEE-HEE! SEE— DAD SURE FILLS THE BILL!

HEY! WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THAT MONEY?

GRRR! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THEY GOT IT!

QUICK! — THROW IT BACK, MATES!

COME ON, BIG MOUTH! — OPEN UP!

INNOCENCE!

GIVE ME MY MONEY!

HO-HO! HEE-HEE! WHAT A LAUGH!!

ERK!

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, YOU OVERGROWN WORM—?

HELP! WHAT'S HE DOING? I DON'T WANT A WASH!

STARCH

NOW, YOU BIG STIFF, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME!

I AM ???

— YES, AS A CROWBAR TO OPEN UP THAT PELICAN PIGGY-BANK!

THAT'LL TEACH SAMMY SNAKE! BET HE'D MUCH RATHER BE A HOOP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AMMO

SLURP!

THEY TELL ME THAT BAD PENNY'S AFTER MY BLOOD— AND DON'T I LOOK WORRIED! HEH! HEH!

AAGR! GRRR! WHERE IS HE?

AIEE!

TRIP!

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, PENNY?

THUD

HAR! HAR! HAR!

TWEET! TWEET!

GRRR! I'LL STILL GET YOU!

NOW I'M **REALLY** GOING TO CLOBBER YOU!

WANNA BET?

WAAH! WHO PINCHED THE ROAD?

GUESS WHO?

GRRR! I AIN'T GIVING UP YET!

NOW I'M *REALLY* GETTING MAD!

DOESN'T THAT KID KNOW WHEN SHE'S BEATEN? HERE SHE COMES AGAIN!

BOXING FRIDAYS

HA! HA! I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED!

WATCH THIS!

BOXING FRIDAYS

PRESS!

AAGH! CHEAT!

YAWN!

BOXING FRIDAYS

HEH! HEH! I CAME DOWN 'HEADS'!

CRUMP

JUMP!

WAAH! AAGH!

YAROO!

GRRR! I **NEVER** GIVE UP!

VICIOUS BITE!

DO YOU THINK SHE MIGHT PACK IT IN NOW?

SPLINTER!

CRUNCH!

LATER...

COR—I'VE BEEN FORCED TO PROTECT MYSELF WITH NEXT DOOR'S DOG!

SLOBBER!

TEE! HEE! I'LL SEE IF PENNY'S GOT ANY FIGHT LEFT IN HER!

AHA! HERE HE COMES NOW!

HEY, PENNY—SCARED?

COME AND GET PEPPERED!

PEPPER!

FIRE ONE!

GRRRR! WOOF! WOOF!

ADVERTISEMENT

GET RID OF NASTY SUPERFLUOUS HER! THE "HER" BEING PENNY!

GO GET 'IM, FIDO! *BITE HIM!*

EDITOR'S NOTE: HELLO, HELLO, THAT'S FUNNY— OUR LAD DOESN'T SEEM A BIT WORRIED!

HERE, BOY! HEEL!

WHISTLE!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BITE, TRY SOME PEPPER ON IT! *TEE! HEE!*

SNIGGER! SNIGGER!

AHA-

THUD!

AIEEEEE!

CHOO!

SNAP!

BITE!

WHAT'S THIS? *FALSE FANGS?*

GRR! HOW WAS *I* TO KNOW THAT BAG OF FLEAS HAD *FALSE TEETH?*

YARROOO! I GOT HIM IN THE END, ALL RIGHT—THE *REAR* END! *TEE! HEE!*

THROB! THROB!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

THE ODDS ARE RIGHT AGAINST RUBBERMAN SAVING THIS REMOTE CANADIAN CITY FROM THE SINISTER RAINMAKER. FOR DEADLY WATER-JET GUNS WAIT FOR HIM IF HE ATTEMPTS TO CLIMB FROM THE MOAT SURROUNDING THE RAINMAKER'S TEMPLE—AND IN THE WATER...A FEARFUL SHOAL OF DEADLY PIRANHA FISH GLIDES NEARER...

RUBBERMAN'S DESPERATELY WORKING BRAIN FINDS AN ANSWER TO HIS PLIGHT...

THE GUARDIANS' JET GUNS! THEY SAVED ME BEFORE WHEN THEY KILLED THE RAINMAKER'S PET SHARK. MAYBE THEY'LL SAVE ME AGAIN...!

AS HE NEARS THE SURFACE...

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! IF I'VE MADE A MISTAKE IN MY THINKING—I'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO MAKE ANOTHER ONE!

NEXT INSTANT, RUBBERMAN'S ARM STRETCHES OUT OF THE WATER...

THOSE POWER CABLES! WHERE?... YES, THERE THEY ARE!

WHAT—WHAT'S HE DOING?

THEN...

THE GUARDIANS ALMOST SEVERED ONE OF THOSE POWER CABLES WHEN THEY HIT IT WITH THEIR JET GUNS. I JUST HOPE I CAN DO THE REST!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO! START SHOOTING!

AS RUBBERMAN TUGS WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH...

HE'S BROKEN THE CABLE!

LOOK OUT! RUN!

THE FLASHING SEVERED ENDS OF THE BROKEN CABLE SNAKE DOWNWARDS, AND...

RUN FOR YOUR... AAAAHHHHH!

INSTANTLY, THE PIRANHA PERISH IN THE ELECTRIFIED WATER...

HE CHOSE DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION RATHER THAN BY THE TEETH OF THE PIRANHA!

I DON'T BLAME HIM! AND HE'S KILLED THE PIRANHA—AS WELL AS HIMSELF!

BUT...

THERE ARE ADVANTAGES TO BEING MADE OF RUBBER. AND THAT WAS ONE OF THEM. YOU CAN'T BE ELECTROCUTED IF YOU'RE NATURALLY INSULATED.

UNSEEN, HE REACHES THE ISLAND TEMPLE...

I WON'T GO IN BY THE FRONT DOOR. I DON'T WANT TO WALK RIGHT INTO ANOTHER TRAP!

A CROAKING VOICE COMES FROM BELOW HIM...

DOLTS! KEEP SEARCHING FOR HIM!

THE RAINMAKER HIMSELF!

DON'T YOU REALIZE, FOOLS? ELECTRICITY CANNOT HARM HIM, BECAUSE HE IS MADE OF RUBBER! HE IS STILL ALIVE—SOMEWHERE!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, RAINMAKER. AND TO PROVE IT—HERE I AM!

YOU!

BUT RUBBERMAN INSTANTLY REALIZES HOW MUCH HE HAS UNDERESTIMATED HIS ENEMY...

UUUHHHHH! HE'S PRODUCED AN ENORMOUS RAINSTORM!

ALMOST BLINDED BY THE HAMMERING RAIN, RUBBERMAN DROPS THROUGH TO THE TEMPLE...

WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, RAINMAKER... YOUR WATERY TRICKS WON'T SAVE YOU...!

WHEN THE RAIN SUBSIDES...

HE...HE'S GONE! BUT...BUT HOW? WHERE?

AS HE STEPS FORWARD...

HE COULD HAVE... UUUUHHH!

HE FALLS INTO THICK, SQUELCHING, REEKING MUD...

DID YOU THINK I HAD NOT PREPARED FOR ANY EMERGENCY, RUBBERMAN? A TOUCH OF A SWITCH LOWERED ME, LIKE A LIFT, TO WHERE WE ARE NOW!

THEN...

THERE ARE CREATURES OF THE MUD, FAR WORSE THAN THE PIRANHA, WAITING FOR YOU, RUBBERMAN. SO I SHALL JUST MOVE THIS SCREEN OF BULLET-PROOF GLASS IN FRONT OF ME... AND WATCH YOU DIE!

THUD!

NEXT WEEK: YOU—AND RUBBERMAN—WILL BE GRIPPED BY THE MINDLESS, MERCILESS MONSTER OF THE MUD!

FROM THE FLOOR OF SIXTY-FOUR.

64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

D.H.I. (Which means: Department of Highest Importance.)

Before we say a thing, we want to say "Thanks" to all you faithful followers who took our advice and placed a regular order for your favourite comic mag with your newsagent. Without boring you all to death with deadly detail, this is the reason why your co-operation in this respect is so vital. The way things work in the comic business is that newsagents (and who can blame them!) won't stock more comics than they are sure of selling. So all you gallant ones who have rallied round and placed your regular orders can now take a rightful pride in knowing that you're playing a really worthwhile part in what's happening!

You know those little coupons we ask you to send in with your letters?—The ones on which we ask you to state your favourite and your un-favourite characters? Well, we thought you might like to know how the voting stands to date.

Up at the top is our green-skinned gamma-boy—The Incredible Hulk. Number two on the list is The Fantastic Four with Batman and Robin placed third. Out of the funnies it's Georgie's Germs in the lead, followed by The Swots and the Blots, with The Nervs just behind. The feature you like least of all is Queen of the Seas. Sorry about that, Queenie. But there it is—If you've got to have a winner, you've got to have a loser!

This is the week! This is the week when Merry Mayhem breaks out! The week when the THING and the INCREDIBLE HULK spar up for their long-awaited epic encounter! And we predict that when it's over neither the HULK nor the THING nor any of YOU will ever be quite the same again!

Meet Twenty Frantic Followers.

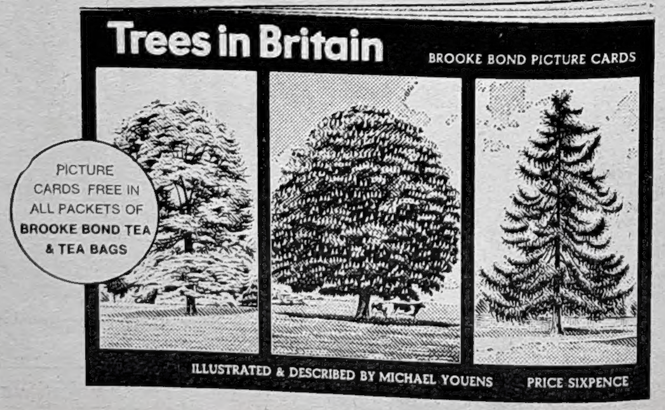
Anthony Clayton, Chelmsford, Essex; Melvyn Cooper, Epping; Michael Ormond, Birkenhead; Michael Burke, Stevenage, Herts.; Colin McCall, Killwinning, Ayrshire; Sandra Holder, Cinderford, Glos.; Peter Jolly, Flixton, Nr Manchester; Peter Marriott, Co. Durham; Simon Sherratt, Sheffield; Michael O'Donoghue, Chertsey, Surrey; Paul Hayes, Oldham, Lancs.; P. Lynagh, Manchester; John Morrison, Macclesfield, Cheshire; David Hyland, Fleet, Hants.; Eric Maitland, Edinburgh, Scotland; Martin Sainsbury, London; Joy Wilson, Bramhope, Nr Leeds; Steve Northridge, Dunkirk, Nottingham; David Larkin, Maidstone, Kent; Colin Miller, Barton-on-Sea.

Trees in Britain

Can you spot a willow or a spruce? Collect the new Brooke Bond picture cards and be a tree expert!

Imagine it – being able to spot the trees of Britain on sight! To be able to say, "That one is a larch", or an oak, or a yew – and be right every time! That is what you can do when you collect the new Brooke Bond 'Trees in Britain' picture cards. There are two cards to each tree (one shows the tree, the other shows the bark, the leaves, the fruit – all the recognition details). And there are 50 cards in all. Start collecting!

Get the special album. It holds all the cards – and gives lots of extra facts and illustrations, including the winter identification of trees and twigs.
It costs just 6d. from your grocer (or write to Brooke Bond Tea Limited, Picture Card Division, Goulston Street, London, E.1. Enclose 6d. postal order). Cards and albums available in U.K. only.


Trees in Britain
BROOKE BOND PICTURE CARDS
PICTURE CARDS FREE IN ALL PACKETS OF BROOKE BOND TEA & TEA BAGS
ILLUSTRATED & DESCRIBED BY MICHAEL YOUENS
PRICE SIXPENCE

TUFFY McGREW
AHA! TWO GENTLEMEN IN TROUBLE – MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM WITH MY SUPER-COLOSSAL STRENGTH!
CENTRAL BANK LTD
PUFF-PUFF-GRUNT!
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN, BUT MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU?
EH? WHAT?
IT'S A FAIR COP! WE'LL COME QUIE... EH?
AS YOU WERE TRYING TO FORCE OPEN THE DOOR OF THE BANK, I REALISED THAT YOU MUST BE THE BANK MANAGER AND HIS ASSISTANT, AND THAT YOU HAD FORGOTTEN YOUR KEYS!
NUDGE
DAT'S RIGHT, AIN'T IT, MUGGSY?
ER... YEAH!
CRASH!
SPLINTER!
ER... PERHAPS YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH TO DO US ANUVVER FAVOUR WHILE YER HERE!
ER... WE USUALLY 'AVE TO FIDDLE WIV DAT COMBINATION LOCK, AN' THEN PULL DER HANDLE!
YEAH! WE'VE FORGOT THE KEYS OF DER SAFE AS WELL!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!
YEAH!... BUT I 'SPECT A STRONG LITTLE LAD LIKE YOU CAN PULL IT OPEN WITHOUT FIDDLIN' WIV THE LOCK – CAN'T YOU?
CERTAINLY, GENTLEMEN!
ONE... TWO.... THREE...
OH, DEAR! HE DON'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH!
KER-UNCH!
HEAVE!
BOMP!
NOW WE'LL NEVER GET IT OPEN!
FEAR NOT! I WILL PICK UP THE SAFE – THROW IT ON THE FLOOR – AND BURST IT OPEN!
OOER!
IT'S GONE STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FLOOR!
OO! I THREW IT TOO HARD!
CRASH!
CRASH!
FOLLOW ME! ONE MORE GOOD BANG SHOULD DO IT!
I WISH WE'D NEVER COME HERE!
YEAH! I WISH I'D STAYED AT HOME AN' READ ME COMICS, LIKE A GOOD BOY!
TREMBLE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
BOO-HOO-HOO! MY FEET HURT!
COO-ER!
OH-OH-OH! ME FEET!
I'M TRAPPED! I CAN'T RUN!
BANG!
THERE YOU ARE, SONNY! HAVE A REWARD FOR CATCHING THOSE TWO CRAFTY CROOKS!
HEE-HEE-HEE! I DON'T KNOW HOW – BUT I SEEM TO HAVE DONE SOMETHING RIGHT FOR A CHANGE!

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY,

"THE HULK VS. THE THING"

HERE IT IS — THE ONE YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! TOLD JUST THE WAY IT HAPPENED FROM THE MOMENT IT FIRST BEGAN IN THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

STEP ASIDE, REED! I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU!
BEN! COME BACK! STOP ACTING LIKE A KID! LET ME EXPLAIN...
STAY OUT OF IT, JOHNNY! IT'S BETWEEN BEN AND REED!
KNOCK IT OFF, RUBBERHEAD! KEEP AWAY OR I'LL CLOBBER YA!

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BEN, OLD FRIEND, YOU'VE GOT TO DRINK THIS! I DISCOVERED THE FORMULA ACCIDENTALLY! I MAY NEVER BE ABLE TO DUPLICATE IT! I KNOW IT'LL TURN YOU BACK TO BEN GRIMM... PERMANENTLY!
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVETA TELL YA? I WON'T DO IT!

THINK WHAT REED IS DOING FOR YOU, BEN! IF YOU STOP BEING THE THING, WE LOSE ONE FOURTH OF OUR STRENGTH! AND STILL HE WANTS YOU TO DRINK IT!
I WONDER WHY THE THING IS SO STUBBORN?
I'M WARNIN' YA... STOP BUGGIN' ME!

BUT, BEN, IF YOU DON'T DRINK IT SOON, IT'LL LOSE ITS POTENCY! WE MAY NEVER GET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS AGAIN! BEN...!!
I WASN'T KIDDIN'!! ALICIA LOVES ME THIS WAY... HOW DO I KNOW HOW SHE'LL FEEL ABOUT ME IF I BECOME JUST PLAIN BEN GRIMM??

YOU MULE-HEADED NITWIT!! IT ISN'T YOUR RIDICULOUS APPEARANCE SHE LOVES... IT'S YOU!... ALTHOUGH I CAN'T SEE WHY!!
OKAY, OKAY! MY PERSONAL LIFE IS ONE THING YOU AIN'T GONNA BUTT INTO... AND DON'T FORGET IT, BIG MAN!

IF YOU EVER FIND A FORMULA THAT'LL LET ME CHANGE BACK AND FORTH FROM BEN GRIMM TO THE THING AT WILL, I'LL DRINK IT! BUT I DON'T WANNA GIVE UP BEIN' THE THING... DO YOU READ ME?
UH-OH! KNOCK IT OFF, YOU GUYS! HERE COMES ALICIA

IT'S THE LATE EDITION OF THE PAPER! THE NEWSBOY WAS SHOUTING "EXTRA", AND I THOUGHT I'D ASK ONE OF YOU TO READ IT TO ME!
I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT IT WAS, ALICIA! THE NEWS JUST CAME IN OVER THE RADIO!
LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU GO INSIDE AND POLISH A TEST TUBE OR SOMETHIN'?

LET ME HAVE IT, DEAR... I'LL READ IT TO YOU! OH... IT'S ALL ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HULK!
YEAH! CAPTAIN AMERICA TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE AVENGERS!
POST-BULLETIN
AVENGERS RETURN TO U.S., SEEK HULK HERE AFTER EPIC BATTLE OVERSEAS!
HULK VANISHES AS EXTRA CAPTAIN AMERICA REPLACES HIM IN RANKS OF AVENGERS!

IMAGINE! EVEN THE COMBINED MIGHT OF THE AVENGERS COULDN'T STOP THE HULK!" IT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS JUST TO READ ABOUT HIM!
SEE SMASH ISSUE 38.

BUT WHAT DID BECOME OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK? AND HOW WILL HE AFFECT THE FANTASTIC FOUR? LET US NOW SWITCH OUR SCENE TO A LONELY ROAD IN NEW MEXICO...
PUT ON THE BRAKES, SAM! THERE'S A BOULDER IN THE ROAD AHEAD!

HOLY COW! HOW'D A THING LIKE THAT GET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD?
BEATS ME! AND WHAT'S EVEN WORSE... HOW ARE WE GONNA MOVE IT SO WE CAN GET BY?

SAM, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WHAT IF WE COME TO A ROAD BLOCK?
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER! RIGHT NOW, JUST DRIVE LIKE YOU GOT A LIVE ATOM BOMB BACK THERE... BECAUSE WE PRACTICALLY DO!!

AND, IN THE REAR OF THE TRUCK, THE INCREDIBLE HULK LIES SILENTLY, WRAPPED IN HIS OWN STRANGE THOUGHTS... UNTIL...
WHAT'S HAPPENING?? I FEEL... DIFFERENT!

FINALLY, A SHORT TIME LATER...
THE HULK'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS AREA, AND WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO PASS HIM, DID YOU?
HOLD IT, BUDDY! WE'RE STOPPING ALL VEHICLES AT THIS POINT!
WH.. WHO... US? PASS THE HULK??

WAIT! LOOK... SOMEONE JUST RAN OUT OF THE BACK OF THE TRUCK! HE'S HEADING FOR THE HILLS!

LET HIM GO, JOE! HE'S JUST A BUM... MUSTA SNEAKED INTO THE TRUCK AT THEIR LAST STOP! HE'S NOT WHAT WE'RE AFTER!

AND, AS THE TRUCK DRIVERS STARE, SPEECHLESS, AT THE RETREATING FIGURE OF THE SLENDER MAN WHO FLEES FROM THE VEHICLE THAT THE HULK HAD OCCUPIED, DR. BRUCE BANNER, ALL BUT UNRECOGNIZABLE, STUMBLES ALONG THE ROCKY CRAGS LEADING TO THE HULK'S UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT!

I'VE GOT TO REACH THE UNDERGROUND SHELTER... FIND RICK.. HE CAN HELP ME!

WHERE THE HULK IS TIRELESS, BRUCE BANNER IS EXHAUSTED... WHERE THE HULK SHUNS HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP, BRUCE BANNER NEEDS THE HELP OF THE ONE TEEN-AGER WHO SHARES HIS AWESOME SECRET!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? WHY DO I CHANGE SO OFTEN ?? WHY CAN'T I CONTROL THE CHANGES?

THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME I'LL HAVE THE IDENTITY OF BRUCE BANNER... FOR THE CHANGES KEEP COMING MORE OFTEN... AND EACH TIME THE HULK GETS STRONGER!! IN FACT I CAN FEEL MYSELF CHANGING NOW!!

I KNOW IT NOW... THE HULK IS THE MASTER... THE DOMINANT ONE! AND THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE! NO ONE ON EARTH IS AS STRONG AS THE HULK...! NO ONE!!

ONLY THE HULK HAS LEG MUSCLES SO STRONG THAT WHEN I JUMP INTO THE AIR, THEY PUSH ME HARD ENOUGH TO LEAP FOR MILES!!

THERE'S WHAT I'M AFTER!! MY UNDERGROUND CAVE!! THE HULK IS HOME AT LAST!!

MEANTIME, THE POWERFUL AVENGERS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE DAMAGE-STUDDED TRAIL OF THE INCREDIBLE HULK... AND JUST A FEW MILES AWAY...

ONLY THE HULK COULD HAVE DONE THIS! HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE HELICOPTER WHILE THE TRAIL IS STILL WARM!

BUT WHY WOULD HE HAVE STREWN ALL THESE HEAVY CRATES ALONG THE ROAD?

HE MUST BE HEADING FOR HIS SECRET UNDERGROUND LAB!

LAB?? YOU MAKE HIM SOUND LIKE A SCIENTIST, RICK!

DON'T ASK ME ANY MORE! I CAN'T TELL YOU! I..I'VE SWORN NEVER TO REVEAL HIS SECRET... NO MATTER WHAT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE UNDERGROUND HIDING PLACE WHICH DR. BANNER HAD BUILT, THE HULK SMASHES TO SMITHEREENS EVERY INTRICATE SCIENTIFIC DEVICE HE CAN FIND!

I HATE BRUCE BANNER!! I NEVER WANT TO CHANGE BACK TO HIM AGAIN!

WHAT GOOD IS ALL HIS SCIENCE?... ALL HIS WORK?? MY STRENGTH CAN DESTROY IT ALL! NOTHING CAN STAND UP TO THE FISTS OF THE HULK!

I'LL EMPTY MY POCKETS... GET RID OF EVERY LAST TRACE OF BRUCE BANNER! BANNER IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE HULK!

WHAT'S THIS? A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING! WHY DID BANNER CARRY IT?

IT MENTIONS THE AVENGERS! THEY'VE REPLACED ME... WITH SOMEONE NAMED CAPTAIN AMERICA!

THAT'S WHY RICK ISN'T HERE!! HE'S DESERTED ME, TOO! BUT NO ONE DOES THAT TO THE HULK!

I'LL GO BACK TO NEW YORK.. I'LL DESTROY THE AVENGERS FOREVER!

IRONICALLY, THE HULK AND THE AVENGERS PASS WITHIN ONE MILE OF EACH OTHER, EACH GOING IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, AND NEITHER IS AT ALL AWARE OF THE OTHER'S PRESENCE DUE TO THE DARK AND STARLESS NIGHT...

MILE AFTER ENDLESS MILE THE TIRELESS HULK COVERS IN POWERFUL, DISTANCE-SWALLOWING LEAPS, UNTIL, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER...

NEW YORK AT LAST! NOW FOR THE AVENGERS... AND MY FINAL REVENGE!

AT THAT MOMENT...

BEN! JOHNNY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO REED!

WHAT IS IT, BEN? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

I DUNNO, KID! BUT HE'S IN A COMA... AND HE FEELS LIKE HE'S BURNIN' WITH FEVER!

HE'S BEEN WORKING WITH VIRUSES... I WONDER..?

REED! MY DARLING! SPEAK TO ME!! NO USE... HE DOESN'T HEAR! JOHNNY... GET A DOCTOR... FAST!

C'MON, STRINGBEAN! DON'T SCARE US LIKE THIS, HEAR?

INSTEAD OF PHONING HIM, I'LL FLY TO THE DOC IN THE FANTASTI-CAR AND BRING HIM RIGHT BACK WITH ME!

SAY!! THAT OLD ABANDONED BUILDING DOWN BELOW... IT'S COLLAPSING!! WELL, I CAN'T STOP AND GAPE AT IT NOW!

BUT THEN, JOHNNY STORM SEES SOMETHING WHICH MAKES HIM REALIZE HE MUST STOP!!

THE BUILDING DIDN'T JUST COLLAPSE... IT WAS SMASHED DOWN!

AND THERE'S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE... IT.. IT'S THE HULK!!

I'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THE HULK! REED WOULD WANT IT THIS WAY! TOO MANY INNOCENT LIVES MAY BE IN DANGER!

FLAME ON!

WOW! HE'S REALLY ON A RAMPAGE! MAYBE I CAN SLOW HIM DOWN WITH A SHOWER OF MOLTEN BRICKS...

NO... IT'S NO GOOD! HIS SKIN IS SO STRONG, HE DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO FEEL THE HEAT! UH OH... HE SEES ME!

HE'S GRABBING A LAMPPOST... AS IF IT'S MADE OF CARDBOARD! BUT... WHY!?

HE'S TRYING TO HIT ME WITH IT... TO USE IT LIKE A GIANT FLY SWATTER! WELL, I'LL JUST MELT IT DOWN INTO NOTHING!

BUT BEFORE THE TORCH'S FLAME CAN FINISH ITS JOB, THE HULK USES THE STILL-SOLID PORTION OF THE LAMPPOST TO STRIKE THE GROUND... SETTING UP A **SHOCK-WAVE** BY THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT... A SHOCK-WAVE WHICH CATCHES THE UNPREPARED TORCH...!!

WHOOM!

OHHH..!

LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS AS A RESULT OF THE SHOCK, THE TORCH'S FLAME GROWS WEAK ENOUGH FOR THE HULK TO GRAB HIM IN HIS TWO BARE HANDS..

GOT YOU!!

HE'S JUST A **KID!** NOT WORTH WASTING TIME ON! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE **AVENGERS!** **THEY'RE** THE ONES I WANT!

MEANWHILE, WITH THE THREAT OF THE MOST POWERFUL CREATURE ON EARTH HANGING OVER NEW YORK, THE POLICE TAKE EXTREME MEASURES TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT POPULACE ...

GET TO YOUR HOMES!! STAY INDOORS!! WAIT FOR FURTHER WORD VIA RADIO AND T.V.!!

HE STOPPED THE TORCH! WHERE ARE THE **REST** OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR??

RUN! RUN! IF THE **TORCH** COULDN'T STOP HIM, WHO **CAN??**

WITHIN SECONDS, NEWS OF THE AWESOME MENACE IS BROADCAST THROUGHOUT THE NATION ...

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THIS IS THE **COMMISSIONER!** DO NOT PANIC! REPEAT... DO NOT PANIC! THE ENTIRE MIDTOWN SECTION HAS BEEN EVACUATED! THE POLICE HAVE THE AREA CORDONED OFF! THE **FANTASTIC FOUR** ARE NOW BEING SUMMONED! DO NOT PANIC!

AND, AT F.F. HEADQUARTERS ...

BUT WE **CAN'T** COME NOW! REED'S SICK... HE **NEEDS** US!

IF ONLY THE **DOCTOR** WOULD GET HERE!!

YOU **MUST** GO, BEN... FORGET ME!

THE POLICE SAID THE HULK KNOCKED JOHNNY OUT!! THEY NEED **US!**

JOHNNY... AT THE MERCY OF THE **HULK!** OH **NO!!**

RELAX, KID! HE'S OKAY! THE HULK'S AFTER SOME-THING **ELSE!**

BEN, **LISTEN...** MY LIFE ISN'T IMPORTANT... COMPARED TO THE THREAT OF THE **HULK!!**

YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE ME! THE CITY **NEEDS** YOU! HE **MUST** BE STOPPED! IT'S... YOUR **DUTY!**

I'LL HANG ON SOMEHOW!! I'M STILL NOT HELPLESS... JUST... JUST WEAK! NOW **GO**, BOTH OF YOU... DO YOU **HEAR** ME?? **GO!!**

ONE THING MORE... BE **CAREFUL**, BEN! WE **KNOW** THE EXTENT OF **YOUR** STRENGTH... BUT THE **HULK'S** HAS NEVER BEEN MEASURED! I'M AFRAID HE'S FAR **STRONGER** THAN YOU, OLD FRIEND!! YOU'LL NEED YOUR WITS... DON'T LET HIM **GRAB** YOU...

AND **SUE...** REMAIN **INVISIBLE!** DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, MY DARLING... AND REMEMBER... I... I LOVE YOU.

OH, REED! YOU SOUND AS THOUGH... THIS IS... **GOODBYE!!**

MINUTES LATER, A SQUAD CAR NEARS THE ROPED-OFF AREA...

WE DON'T WANT TO USE ATOMIC WEAPONS IF WE CAN HELP IT! BUT IF HE'S TOO MUCH FOR YOU, THING, BACK AWAY... WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR SIGNAL TO STEP IN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME**, PAL! **HE'S** THE ONE WHO'S GONNA NEED THE FLOWERS!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET A DOCTOR FOR REED WHILE WE'RE GONE!!

LOOK! THERE THEY ARE! JOHNNY'S RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS BUT... WHY DOESN'T HE **RUN??**

GOTTA **HAND** IT TO THE KID! HE'S TRYIN' TO FLAME ON AGAIN! BUT HE HASN'T A CHANCE!

BEN... LET **ME** TRY HIM FIRST... WITH MY INVISIBLE FORCE SCREEN!

THAT WON'T HOLD THE **HULK**, SUE! **WAIT**... COME... **BACK!**

OTHERS ARE COMING!

I'LL TOSS YOU AT THEM... LIKE A BOWLING BALL!

SUE! STAY BACK! YOU DON'T REALIZE HIS **STRENGTH!**

IT DOESN'T MATTER, JOHNNY! I CAN PROTECT YOU BY THROWING AN INVISIBLE FORCE SCREEN AROUND YOU! UNTIL YOU CAN FLAME ON AGAIN, YOU'RE **HELPLESS** IN HIS HANDS!

GET **BACK**, SUE! LET **ME** TACKLE HIM, **MY** WAY!

SOMETHING I CAN'T **SEE** IS STOPPING ME FROM TOUCHING THE KID! BUT WHATEVER IT IS, INVISIBLE OR NOT, I'LL FIND A WAY TO **SMASH** IT! I'M STILL THE **HULK!!**

CAN'T MAINTAIN THE SCREEN MUCH LONGER! HE'S PRESSING SO HARD AGAINST IT... HE... HE'S SO **STRONG!!**

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE INCREDIBLE HULK MAKES A TOTALLY UNEXPECTED MOVE ...

I'LL LEAP INTO THE AIR! I'LL FIND A WAY TO BREAK THROUGH THIS UNSEEN SHIELD UP **HERE!**

OH **NO!!** HE'S GETTING OUT OF RANGE! C-CAN'T MAINTAIN MY FORCE FIELD AT SUCH A DISTANCE! BUT MUSTN'T FAIL JOHNNY.. THE STRAIN.. TOO GREAT... OHHH...

® Marvel Comic Group 1966

THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR HER! SHE **FAINTED!** NOW IT'S UP TO **ME!**

HERE, SOLDIER... TAKE CARE OF HER, HEAR? I GOT ME A LITTLE **JOB** TO DO RIGHT NOW!

WE'LL LOOK AFTER HER! BUT IF **YOU** FAIL, TOO, THEN WE'RE MOVING IN! WE'LL HIT 'IM WITH EVERYTHING WE'VE **GOT!**

FINALLY, AS THE HULK RETURNS TO EARTH WITH HIS HELPLESS PRISONER, THE TWO TITANS CONFRONT EACH OTHER... HERALDING THE START OF ONE OF THE GREATEST HAND-TO-HAND BATTLES IN RECORDED HISTORY!

THE **THING!**

SO! YOU **REMEMBER** ME, HUH? * WELL, **THIS** TIME I'M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU **NEVER** FORGET ME!

* SMASH FANS WILL ALSO REMEMBER THE BRUISING BRAWL BETWEEN THE **HULK** AND THE **THING** WHICH TOOK PLACE IN SMASH 30.

YOU MEAN NOTHING TO ME! IT IS THE **AVENGERS** I WANT TO DESTROY! BUT IF I MUST SMASH **YOU** FIRST, THEN SMASH YOU I **WILL!**

GREAT SPEECH, SONNY BOY! NOW PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS!

FOOL!! YOU ARE JUST A MUSCULAR **FREAK!** BUT **I'M** THE HULK!

I'LL **REMEMBER** THOSE WORDS, PLAY-MATE! THEY'LL LOOK GREAT CARVED ON YOUR HEADSTONE!

CRASH!

AND SO THE STAGE IS SET! ONCE MORE THE TWO TITANS ARE JOINED IN A BATTLE THAT WILL END ONLY WHEN ONE HAS PROVED HIMSELF MORE POWERFUL THAN THE OTHER! WHO WILL THAT BE? THERE'LL BE A BLOW BY BLOW CLOSE-UP OF THIS TREMENDOUS TUSSLE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

SMASH!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

HO! HO! WE'LL WIN **ALL** THE PRIZES. THOSE DIRTY LITTLE BLOTS HATE WATER! SNIFF! THEY DON'T GET ENOUGH PRACTICE!

SCHOOL SWIMMING GALA

THEY'LL BE A **WASH-OUT!** HO! HO!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! GRRR!

NEXT DAY AT THE BATHS...

AND NOW FOR THE HIGH DIVING CONTEST! CYRIL SWOT, PLEASE!

JUDGE

CYRIL CAN WALK IT! HE'S BRILLIANT AT EVERYTHING!

PING!

GRR! WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!

NOTE THE EXQUISITE GRACE.

...IT'S GOING TO SWALLOW ME!

AIEE! A SHARK! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT A **SWALLOW** DIVE...

FLAP! FLAP!

TCH! TCH! THAT'S TERRIBLE! **TERRIBLE!** NOTHING OUT OF TEN!

SPLASH!

Swallow Dive

MARKS 0/10

HEH! HEH! THAT FIXED CYRIL. NOW FOR THE REST OF THEM!

HEH! HEH! HEH!

NEXT IS THE CRAWL RACE...

HO! HO! THEY CAN'T CHEAT **THIS** TIME! CLARENCE IS WALKING IT!

IT'S NOT FINISHED YET!

NOW FOR MY DAZZLING TURN—IT SHATTERS ALL MY RIVALS!

STUCK!

AAGH! HELP! I'M STUCK!

WINE!

THE BLOTS WIN AGAIN! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

YAH! BOO! CHEAT! THEY PUT GLUE ON CLARENCE'S TURNING POINT!

HEH! HEH! THE WINNER! THAT'S ME!

PROVE IT! HEH! HEH!

AND NOW FOR THE BUTTERFLY EVENT!

I'LL WIN THAT **EASILY!**

THE RACE ISN'T OVER YET, MATE!

SEEING AS HOW IT'S THE BUTTERFLY RACE, I'LL LET OUT MY NICE LITTLE BUTTERFLIES! **TEE! HEE!**

BUTTER FLIES

??

FOOD! FOOD!

SLURP! SLURP!

AAGH! THESE AREN'T **BUTTERFLIES!** THEY'RE **MOTHS!** AND THEY'RE EATING MY COSTUME!

SLURP!

SLURP!

CHEW MUNCH!

COO! MOTHS? REALLY? WE'RE ALWAYS LEARNING! WISH I WAS CLEVER LIKE HIM!

YAHOO! GOOD OLD BILLY! **HE'S WON!**

FLOUNDER!

HOORAY!

BAH! IT **CAN'T** BE TRUE!

GRR! HAVE **YOU** EVER TRIED SWIMMING WITH A BARREL ROUND YOUR WAIST?

THEY WON ALL THE CUPS! I'VE **GOT** TO GIVE THEM TO THE BLOTS! I CAN'T **PROVE** THEY REALLY CHEATED.

SHAME! SHAME!

YOU CADS!

YAH! JEALOUSY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE!

NOW, THEN, BLOTS—AS YOU'VE WON THE CUPS IT'S YOUR DUTY TO KEEP THEM ALL NICE AND SHINING BRIGHT UNTIL THE GALA NEXT YEAR!

POLISH THEM? YOU CAN'T MEAN IT!

NO! NO! WE WON'T DO IT!

YES, SIR!

YES YOU WILL— OR ELSE...

S'NOT FAIR!

AT THE BLOTS' GANG HUT...

HO! HO! THAT'LL TEACH 'EM!

HENRY SWOT

HELP! WHO LIT THE FIRE?

SERVES THEM RIGHT!

BOO! HOO! TO THINK WE CHEATED TO DO **THIS!**

ODER! IS THAT ME?

SIZZLE!

SOB! SOB! ROTTEN OLD TEACH!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

HEH! HEH! I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET RID OF ALL THIS PAPER MONEY!
SLAP!
HEH! HEH! WALL-PAPER MONEY! I'LL SOON BE BROKE NOW!
GLUE
SLOP!
I WONDER WHY I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS BEFORE? IT'S TOO EASY!
OH, HELP! I'VE KNOCKED THE GLUE POT OFF!
OH, HECK! THAT'S DONE IT! LOOK WHERE IT'S LANDED!
AAGH!
WHAA-AH!
GLUG!
GLUE
ER- PLEASE MAY I HAVE MY POT BACK?
MUMBLE!
MUMBLE!
GRR! I'LL GIVE YOU MORE THAN THAT POT! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU YOUNG SCAMP!
NOTHING EVER GOES RIGHT FOR ME!
APPEARING TONITE!
SUPER HAIR CREAM
HELP!!! YOU CARELESS YOUNG PUP!
USE MILKO
PLOP!
AAAGH!
OH, NO! NOT AGAIN! I'D BETTER HIDE!
USE MILKO
WHERE HAS HE GOT TO?
GRR!! WHERE IS HE?

PHEW! THEY'VE GONE! NOW I CAN GET OUT FROM BEHIND HERE!
EH?
USE MILKO
GUESS WHO? HEH! HEH! IT'S ME!
USE
AAGH! AAGH! THAT POSTER, IT'S COME TO LIFE!
USE MILKO
I-I-I-I- I'M STANDING! MY RHEUMATICS? IT'S GONE! AND THAT LADDIE'S CURED ME!
USE MILKO
YAHOO! I'M CURED! I SPENT THOUSANDS OF POUNDS TRYING TO GET A CURE AND YOU'VE DONE IT, LAD! YOU'LL BE RICH! RICH!
B-BUT YOU CAN'T! YOU SEE—!
HE WOULDN'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER, SO NOW I'M BACK WHERE I STARTED!
BET HE DOESN'T TRY PASTING THAT LOT ON THE WALL! HO! HO!

BE A SMASHER — WRITE TO SMASH!

And remember! There's a HULKING sweatshirt for the writer of every letter published on this page!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I am the father of a son who is becoming transformed into the "Incredible Hulk".

Peter has written several times before without success.

Now I am a Hulk Addict.

I like you Alf and Cos!! when I am Peter's father, but I am changing!! to your Hulk.

This is a warning! Send Peter a Hulk shirt, or I might not be responsible for my actions, I might be seeing you!!

A. Knowles,
Bournemouth.

You've discovered our guilty secret. We're cowards! A Hulk sweatshirt is on its way!
Alf and Cos

Dear Alf and Cos,

Everybody keeps writing in about the stories they like but nobody praises Mr. Knowall. I think that this page is great. I try every trick that is written on his page. So please can we have more of him.

William Fisher,
Brigg, Lincs.

Dear William,

You've really made things difficult for us now. Old Knowall always had a big head—but after seeing your letter it's swelled up so much that we've got more of him than we want! Anyone know any tricks for shrinking heads?

Alf & Cos.

* * *

Dear Smash,

I live in a hostel with twenty other children. Each week Matron buys Smash and we all read it. I think Hulk is fabulous but some of the children like the Fantastic Four best. We all agree on one thing though—Smash really is SMASHING.

Roland Fishwick,
Greaves Park, Lancaster

Dear Roland,

Congratulations. If your Matron buys you Smash each week she must be a pretty smart Matron! Bet she'll think you're a wow in your HULK sweatshirt!

Alf & Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:-

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LOOK! YOU CAN BE A BIG GAME HUNTER WITH

Jungle safari

THE NEW WEETABIX CHRISTMAS GAME

Yes, you can hunt wild animals—lions and tigers, leopards, rhinos and crocodiles—in the exciting new Weetabix game JUNGLE SAFARI! (And the animals really jump into the air when you hit them!!!) It's your chance to become a crack hunter. You can shoot on your own, or challenge your friends—and the best shot wins!

GET IT FOR CHRISTMAS!

Don't miss it! Ask your Mum to hurry and buy Weetabix... and send for your Jungle Safari Game ***NOW!***

To WEETABIX LTD.,
Dept. C11, Burton Latimer, Kettering, Northants.

Please send me ..... set(s) of the Jungle Safari Game. For each set ordered I enclose a p.o. for 5/- and the special offer token from any Weetabix packet,

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

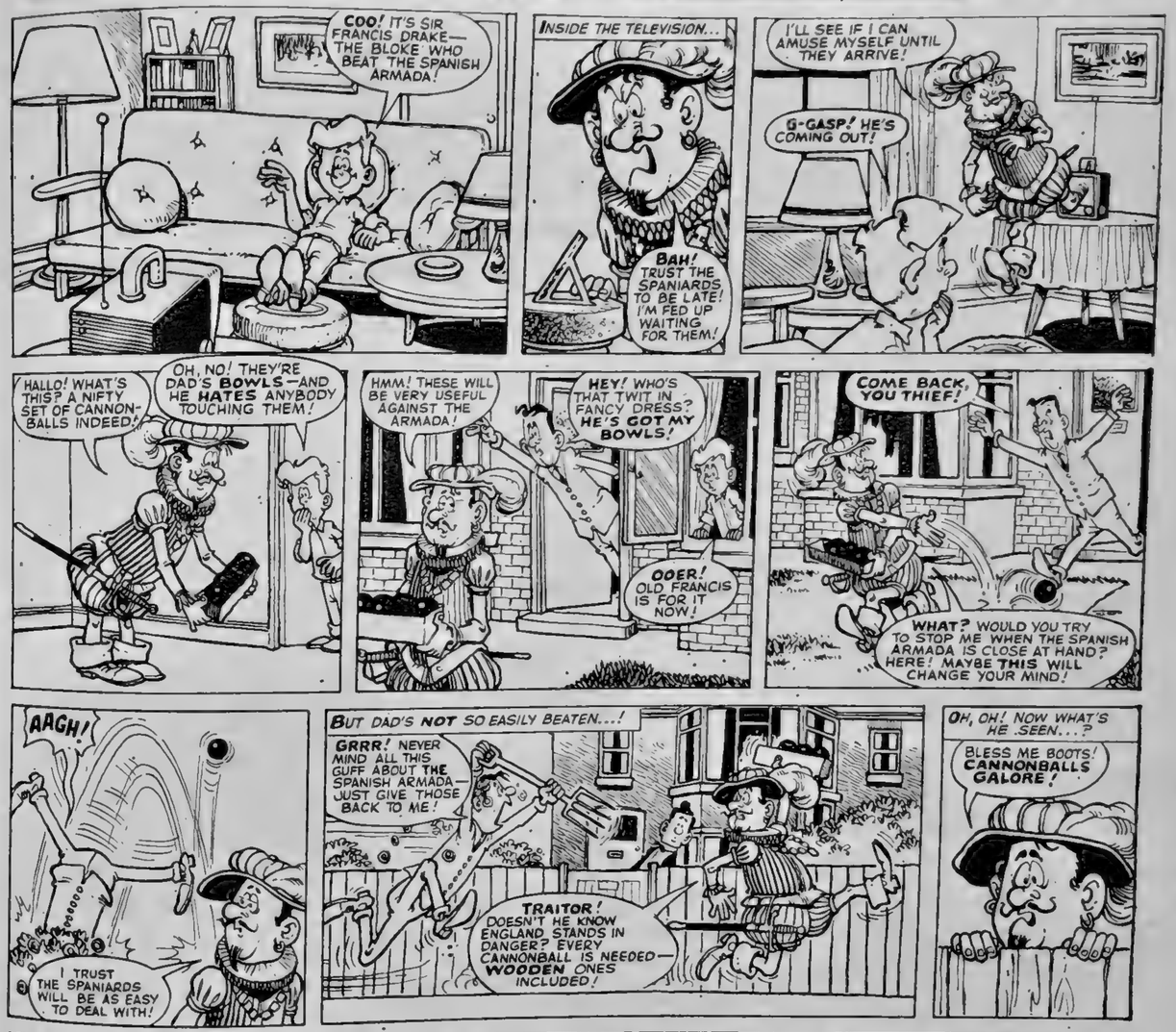
COUNTY .....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

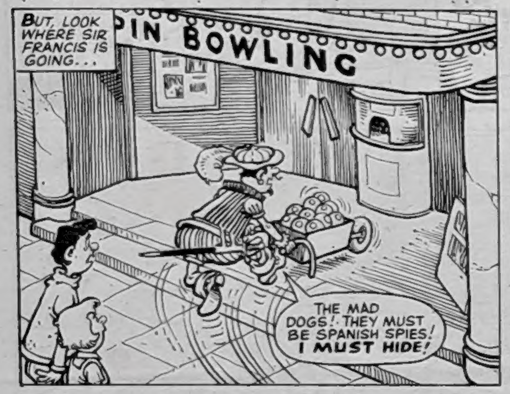
Offer only available in U.K. and Eire.
Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...


COO! IT'S SIR FRANCIS DRAKE—THE BLOKE WHO BEAT THE SPANISH ARMADA!
INSIDE THE TELEVISION...
BAH! TRUST THE SPANIARDS TO BE LATE! I'M FED UP WAITING FOR THEM!
I'LL SEE IF I CAN AMUSE MYSELF UNTIL THEY ARRIVE!
G-GASP! HE'S COMING OUT!
HALLO! WHAT'S THIS? A NIFTY SET OF CANNON-BALLS INDEED!
OH, NO! THEY'RE DAD'S BOWLS—AND HE HATES ANYBODY TOUCHING THEM!
HMM! THESE WILL BE VERY USEFUL AGAINST THE ARMADA!
HEY! WHO'S THAT TWIT IN FANCY DRESS? HE'S GOT MY BOWLS!
OOER! OLD FRANCIS IS FOR IT NOW!
COME BACK, YOU THIEF!
WHAT? WOULD YOU TRY TO STOP ME WHEN THE SPANISH ARMADA IS CLOSE AT HAND? HERE! MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
AAGH!
I TRUST THE SPANIARDS WILL BE AS EASY TO DEAL WITH!
BUT DAD'S NOT SO EASILY BEATEN...!
GRRR! NEVER MIND ALL THIS GUFF ABOUT THE SPANISH ARMADA—JUST GIVE THOSE BACK TO ME!
TRAITOR! DOESN'T HE KNOW ENGLAND STANDS IN DANGER? EVERY CANNONBALL IS NEEDED—WOODEN ONES INCLUDED!
OH, OH! NOW WHAT'S HE SEEN...?
BLESS ME BOOTS! CANNONBALLS GALORE!
YIKES! WHO'S THAT LUNATIC? HE'S PINCHING OUR BOWLS!
OH, NO!
ONE MOMENT, SIR! IN THE NAME OF ENGLAND I'LL BORROW THIS WHEEL-BARROW OF YOURS!
?

MY GUNNERS WILL HAVE MORE CANNONBALLS THAN THEY HAVE EVER KNOWN! OOH! I'M BEING FOLLOWED!
AFTER HIM! HE'S AS DAFT AS A COOT! HE THINKS THEY'RE CANNON-BALLS!



MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

You can send morse messages at speed and quite a long way with this super little flasher. Here's how it's made . . .

Paste a strip of silver paper from a chocolate wrapper onto the back of a matchbox tray, and put the tray back into the box.

Grip the box in your hand with your forefinger under the tray. By pushing up the tray with your forefinger, you'll soon master the pressure you need to flash dots and dashes.

In case you missed it before, here's the morse code again. Cut it out and paste it on card, to carry it around without tearing it.

A.- B-... C-.-. D-.. E.
F..-. G--. H.... I.. J.---
K-.- L-.. M-- N-. O---
P.--. Q--.- R.-. S... T-
U..- V...- W.-- X-..-
Y-.-- Z--..

HOT FINGER!

Tell your mate you've got an electric finger. To prove it shake some pepper into a glass of water and ask him to put his forefinger in the glass and see what occurs. The only thing that will happen is that some of the pepper will stick to his finger. While he is doing this, scratch your head with your forefinger as though you're puzzled at the result.

Now watch what happens when you stick your forefinger in the glass. Even though you're holding your finger perfectly still, the pepper will rush away from it in all directions.

When is an apple like a bell?
When it is being peeled

Why is a clock like a man?
Because both have a face and two hands

Can You Save The Man From B.U.N.G.L.E?

Creeping up on Doomsday Castle on a black, snowy, moonless night, poor old Bungle falls in it again. This time he's floundered into quicksands. And, boy, are these sands quick! Already he's sunk down to his ankles. Within seconds he's going to be completely sunk—unless . . . well, can YOU think of a way to save him? The answer is below if you can't!

Judging by the drawings I get in every post, all my readers seem to be budding artists.

So put your talents to use, Knowalls, and paint the face of your Smash favourite on an old tennis ball. But where the mouth should be cut a slit in the ball. Now, by squeezing the back of the ball, you can make the face come to life—laughing, shouting and talking to your mates.

Did you save B.U.N.G.L.E.?

The sight of snow gives our agent a flash of inspiration—he remembers how snow shoes work. Will his coat work in the same way? Whipping it off, he spreads it over the sand before him and leans his body forward onto it. Sure enough, the coat acts as a platform to distribute the weight of his body in a large area over the soft, slurping sand—and in this way he eases his way to safety.

✳

The word below doesn't mean very much, does it? But can you re-arrange the letters to make three words?

DEREHTSWRO

THE ANSWER IS, OF COURSE— THREE WORDS!

10/- for Knowalls

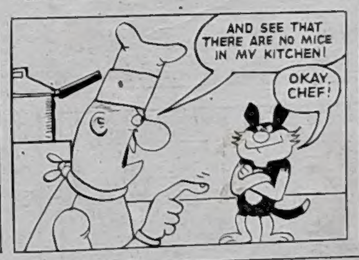
Perhaps *you* know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

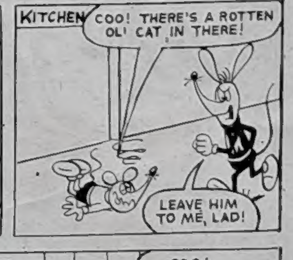
My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

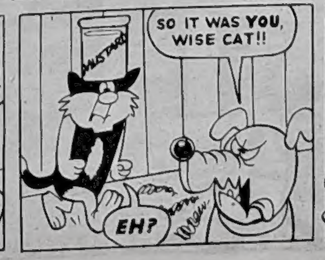
The feature I don't like is:

To: Mr Knowall, SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DANGER MOUSE







POW!
BLAM!
SOCK!
CRUNCH!
THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT IN THAT KITCHEN TO PUT MUSTARD ON —THE CAT'LL NEED ALL THE STEAK FOR HIS BLACK EYES!
TEE-HEE!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, HAVE BEEN SENT BACK IN TIME TO OLYMPUS, LEGENDARY HOME OF THE GREEK GODS, WHERE THEY SEEK THE CROWN OF ZEUS.
BUT, IN HIS UNDERWATER KINGDOM, POSEIDON HAS SENTENCED THEM TO FACE THE TERRORS OF THE DEEP!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, ROLLO?

THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO—EXCEPT TO FACE AS BRAVELY AS WE CAN THESE AWESOME CREATURES THAT POSEIDON HAS UNLEASHED UPON US!

MEANWHILE, POSEIDON WATCHES THE LEGEND TESTERS' TERRIBLE ORDEAL THROUGH A VISION SCANNER...

BEFORE THEY DIE I WANT THESE MORTALS TO SUFFER! AND YET, CONFRONTED AS THEY ARE BY THE MOST DANGEROUS DENIZENS OF MY DOMAIN, THEY SHOW NO FEAR!

I COULD MAKE THEM SHOW FEAR, FATHER! I COULD MAKE THEIR BLOOD RUN COLDER THAN THAT OF ANY FISH!

THEN DO SO, MY SON! GO NOW!

BUT WHAT OF ROLLO AND DANNY?

I THINK THAT POSEIDON HAS CONTROL OVER EVERY LIVING THING WITHIN THE OCEANS! FEARSOME AND SAVAGE THOUGH THESE MONSTERS ARE, THEY WILL NOT DESTROY US UNTIL POSEIDON GIVES THE COMMAND!

BUT, ROLLO— LOOK!

WELL MIGHT DANNY'S VOICE TREMBLE! WELL MIGHT HIS POINTING FINGER SHAKE! FOR THERE, NOW APPROACHES A CREATURE WHOM HUMAN EYES HAVE SURELY NEVER BEFORE BEHELD!

FROM HIS SECRET PLACE, POSEIDON INTENTLY WATCHES THE DRAMA THAT IS BEING ENACTED BEFORE HIM.

AMAZEMENT IS WRITTEN ON THEIR FACES! WONDER, EVEN! BUT STILL THEY SHOW NO FEAR! AND SHOW IT THEY MUST!

BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR IS LITTLE MORE THAN THE PRELUDE! NOW AN EVEN GREATER MARVEL TAKES PLACE!

THE MONSTER! IT'S CHANGED INTO SOMETHING ELSE!

NOW I UNDERSTAND! DON'T YOU REALISE WHAT... REALISE WHO THIS THING IS?

IT'S PROTEUS! THE SON OF POSEIDON! THE ONE WHO CAN CHANGE HIS SHAPE AT WILL! THE ONE WHO KNOWS THE ANSWERS TO ALL THINGS!

AGAIN AND AGAIN PROTEUS CHANGES INTO NEW, AND EVEN MORE MONSTROUSLY FANTASTIC SHAPES.

FIRST YOU MUST LEAVE THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM OF POSEIDON, MY FATHER. AND WHEN YOU REACH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO ZEUS. THIS I PROMISE YOU, BUT NO MORE CAN I TELL!

AND HOW DO WE REACH THE SURFACE?

FOLLOW ME AND I WILL SHOW YOU!

IN THE GENTLE GRIP OF THE UNSEEN WATER CURRENTS THEY ARE LIFTED FROM THE OCEAN'S BED.

FAREWELL— FAREWELL...

ROLLO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I MUST GRASP THIS FOUL THING... AND NOT RELEASE IT!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, I MUST HOLD IT FAST! ONLY THEN CAN PROTEUS BE MADE TO GIVE ANSWER TO MY QUESTIONS!

IT'S REFORMING AGAIN... REFORMING TO SOMETHING EVEN MORE HIDEOUS!

UNTIL!

VERY WELL, MORTAL! SINCE YOU WILL NOT RELEASE ME, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME?

SO YOU ARE PROTEUS!

RELAX—AND THE CURRENTS WILL CARRY YOU TO THE SURFACE.

YES—I CAN FEEL MYSELF BEING PULLED UPWARD!

ME TOO!

UPWARD... EVER UPWARD THEY FLOAT... ENJOYING A DELICIOUS SENSATION OF WEIGHTLESSNESS... UNTIL SUDDENLY THE SAME PANIC-MAKING REALISATION DAWNS UPON EACH OF THEM!

WE SEEK ZEUS! WHERE WILL WE FIND HIM?

I CAN NO LONGER BREATHE! WE HAVE LEFT POSEIDON'S KINGDOM! WE ARE NOW... IN ORDINARY SEA-WATER!

AND AS THEIR LUNGS LUST FOR AIR, IT IS MERCIFUL THAT THEY HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE MONSTROUS MENACE THAT WAITS UPON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA!

MASSIVE DISCLOSURES NEXT WEEK!

THE NERVS

OH, NO! KILLER CAREW HAS CHALLENGED ME TO A F-FIGHT! I DON'T S-STAND A CHANCE!

Meat me in thee pärk at 12 o'clock you fat twerp!

IN FATTY'S EAR HOLE...

G-GULP! DID H-HE SAY A FIGHT?

EAR 'OLE

TO THE CANAL

ENTRANCE POST

THAT MEANS THIS EAR WILL GET THUMPED AND THE WHOLE PLACE WILL BE SMASHED UP! GULP!

EAR GARDEN

EAR DEPT

ME LOVELY EAR CAULIFLOWERS WILL BE RUINED! THEY WERE COMING ON NICELY, TOO! SOB! SOB!

EAR DEPT

I'VE GOT TO HIDE THEM SOMEWHERE SAFE—AND QUICKLY!

EAR DEPT

BRAIN

IN FATTY'S NOSE DEPARTMENT...

SAFE IN HERE? YOU MUST BE KIDDING! HIS NOSE WILL BE GETTING THUMPED TOO! WE'RE ALL READY TO RUN OURSELVES!

NOSE PICK DEPT.

NOSE HOLE

I'VE GOT IT! I'LL PUT THEM IN FATTY'S FOOT! IT'LL BE SAFE DOWN THERE!

BUT INSIDE FATTY'S FOOT DEPARTMENT...

NOT A HOPE, ERIC, LAD! KILLER'S FAVOURITE TRICK IS JUMPING UP AND DOWN ON PEOPLE'S FEET—ESPECIALLY FATTY'S!

FEET

WAY UP

FRED

G-GOSH!

YEOW! I KNOW THE VERY PLACE!

MEANWHILE...

IT'S A HARD LIFE FOR US CABBAGE BUTTERFLIES—THERE AREN'T ANY CABBAGES ABOUT! NEVER MIND—I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET SOME NICE CAULIFLOWERS!

HEH! HEH! ERIC EAR NERV ALWAYS HAS SOME ON THE GROW! COME ON!

M'MM! GOODY!

EA DEP

THEY REACH THE EAR DEPARTMENT...

EAR 'OLE

HELP! THEY'VE GONE! THERE AREN'T ANY CAULIFLOWERS HERE!

HE MUST HAVE SHIFTED THEM, THE LITTLE NIT!

RIGHT, LAD! WHERE'S ERIC? BE A GOOD BOY AND TELL US OR WE'LL BATTER YOU!

EAR 'OLE

TREMBLE!

YEAH! WE'RE REALLY BATTERFLIES! SNIGGER!

H-HE'S DOWN IN THE STOMACH!

G-GOSH! IT'S THOSE ROTTEN BUTTERFLIES—I'D BETTER GET HELP!

HELP! EMERGENCY! CALL OUT THE NERV GUARD! A BUTTERFLY ATTACK!

AIR RAID SIREN

WAIL! WAA!! WOOO! WOOOO!!

THE NERV GUARDS GET THE MESSAGE...

HEH! HEH! NO BLINKING BUTTERFLIES WILL GET PAST US!

FRED KARNO Esq. & ARMY

LIGHT THE BLUE TOUCH PAPER AND RETIRE AT 6.5 M.P.H.!

I'M AN EXPERT AT JUNGLE WARFARE! I WAS STATIONED ON FATTY'S HEAD FOR SIX MONTHS!

FLY SPRAY

BUT...

SPLUDGE!

WHAT'S THAT?

AAGH! A BUTTER ATTACK!

FRED KARNO Esq. & ARMY

HEH! HEH! THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST I.B.M.S—INFERNAL BUTTER MISSILES! HEH! HEH!

IT'S MARGARINE! I CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE!

THAT WAS TOO EASY! WE'RE PAST THEM, RIGHT—NOW TO FATTY'S STOMACH!

STOMACH

MY CAULIFLOWERS ARE SAFE IN FATTY'S STOMACH! HE'S GOT SO MUCH FAT HERE A PUNCH WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!

FOOD STORAGE ROOM

FAT

YAHOO! THERE THEY ARE! CAULIFLOWERS! LOVELY CAULIFLOWERS!

FOOD STORAGE ROOM

GASTRIC JUICE

FAT

AAGH! NO! BUTTERFLIES!

M'MM! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

MUNCH!

SLURP!

BOO! HOO! ME LOVELY CAULIFLOWERS!

I HATE FIGHTING! NOW I'VE GOT BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH!

BOO! HOO! HE'S BLOOMING RIGHT! HE HAS! AND THEY'RE EATING ALL MY CAULIFLOWERS! SOB! SOB!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

QUEENIE HAS JUST TIED UP ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN, CHICAGO, U.S.A!

GOSH! NOW I KNOW WHERE WE ARE, CAPT'N! WE'RE IN AMERICA!

GOOD! THE VERY PLACE TO GET QUEENIE RIGGED UP WITH CENTRAL HEATING! NIP ASHORE, BERT, AN' RUSTLE UP SOME PIPING FROM THE NEAREST SCRAP YARD!

AYE-AYE, CAPT'N!

SO BERTIE SETS OFF, IN SEARCH OF A CHICAGO JUNK-YARD —

WHILE HE'S AWAY, I'LL CLEAN THE FLUE!

WE'LL NEED A GOOD DRAUGHT FOR CENTRAL HEATING.

FLUE-C TACKLE

MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY LAKESIDE 'OFFICE'...

ER—YA WANTED TO SEE ME, BOSS?

SURE DID, ELMER!

THE BOGART PROTECTION

Let EDDIE BOGART PROTECT YOU

EDWARD G. BOGART (CHICAGO RACKETEER), RUNS A CHAIN OF 'PROTECTION' SOCIETIES TO PROTECT PEOPLE — FROM ELMER!

THAT HEAP OF FLOATING JUNK THAT'S JUST COME IN—I'M GOIN' TO GIVE HER SKIPPER A REASON FER NEEDING YOUR PROTECTION AN' I'LL NEED YOUR HELP!

HEH! HEH! SURE TING, BOSS!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS BOSUN BERT IS RETURNING FROM HIS PIPE-HUNT.

SAY, CAPTAIN—!

I'VE BIN STUDYIN' YOU, BUD— AT IT SEEMS TUH ME YOU'RE GONNA NEED PROTECTION!

COR! THAT POSH LOOKIN' BLOKE HAS MISTAKEN BERT FOR THE SKIPPER, AN' THE FAT SLOB'S PLAYIN' UP TO 'IM...

?

A-HEM! AI SAY! YOU BELOW! AI'M SENIOR OFFICAH ABOARD THIS SHIP, SIR!

HAD ENOCH BEEN IN A POSITION TO HEAR THE CONVERSATION BELOW, HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO KEEN ON EXERTING HIS AUTHORITY!

AI SAID AI'M THE CAPTAIN!

WHO DO I NEED PROTECTIN' FROM?

A GUY NAMED ELMER, CAP'N!— FOR TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK!

WHAT?

HUH! SO THAT'S YER GAME, IS IT? WELL! ELMER OR NO ELMER, YOU WON'T GIT A BRASS BIT OUT-A ME **OR** MY MATE, CHUM!

BY HECK! I'LL SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS! WHERE'S ME 'AT?

SCUFFLE

OKAY, WISE-GUY! HAVE IT YOUR WAY— **ELMER!**

GRUNT! GROWL! DID YOU CALL, BOSS?

SURE DID, ELMER! THE CAPTAIN AIN'T CONVINCED HE NEEDS MY PROTECTION! GIVE HIM THE "DEAL!"

ERK!

AHEM! AI SAY, FELLOW—

—AI'M THE JOLLY OLD CAPTAIN! IF THERE'S ANY DEALIN' TO BE DONE, DEAL WIV' ME!

PROD! PROD!

GRRR! THANKS FER PUTTIN' ME STRAIGHT, BUD! I WAS JEST GONNA START DISHIN' IT OUT TO DA WRONG GUY!

AWLK! IT'S THE HULK'S UNCLE!

GRR! (GNASH!) NOW C'MERE WHILE I PLAYS 'SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT' WID YER ARMS, LEGS AN' 'EAD...!

A-HEM! TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WILL PACIFY HIM, CAPTAIN— UNTIL NEXT WEEK!

AGH! BERT! QUICK! PAY 'IM! SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE!!

'ELP!

SHRIEK! SHRIEK!

I-I C-CAN'T! (GULP!) I—I'VE JUST SPENT OUR LAST FOUR QUID ON TWO RUSTY RADIATORS, AN' FIFTY FEET OF COPPER PIPING!

'LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S GONNA BE 'ENOCH-ALL-OVER', NEXT WEEK, SHIPMATES — BARRING A MONEYMAKING MIRACLE!